

GABBY HAYES

WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

FEBRUARY

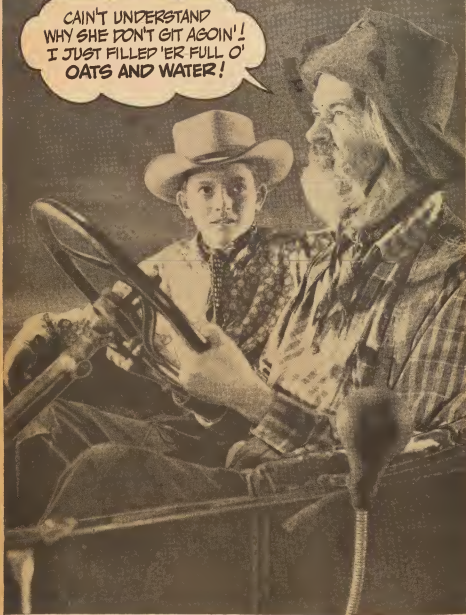
10¢

NO. 3

EAST IS EAST
AND WEST IS
GABBY HAYES
THE RAGE OF
THE PURPLE SAGE!



CAIN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY SHE DON'T GIT AGOIN'!
I JUST FILLED 'ER FULL O'
OATS AND WATER!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

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GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

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BLACK
RAVEN
BANDIT

DISASTER
IN THE
DRAWING
ROOM

WHITTLIN'
CONTEST

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STRONGMAN

-PLUS-

MUSKETEERS OF
THE WEST

"BUCK DESMOND"
SHORT STORY!

**GABBY
HAYES**

ON THE
WARPATH



February, 1949. Vol. 1, No. 3

GABBY HAYES WESTERN SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA

GABBY HAYES WESTERN is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President, Roger Fawcett, Vice-President; Allen E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daugh, Editorial Director; Al Willard, Art Director. Second-class entry applied for at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., with additional entry applied for at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1948 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Title registration applied for at U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions, and in Canada; foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$1.30. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 67 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.; 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 17; Mr. H. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend Co., 645 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 14; Mr. Edward S. Townsend, Edward S. Townsend Co. Russ Building, San Francisco 4. General Offices: Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

GABBY HAYES

"On the Warpath"

YUH! BIG CHIEF
HAIR-ON-FACE ON
WARPATH! MUCH
FIERCE! GET
MANY SCALPS!

COME BACK
'N FIGHT,
YUH
COYOTES!



TIMES
ARE
HARD,
AND
GLOOM
IS
HEAVY
ON
THE
KITAPOO
INDIAN
RESERVATION...

NO GRASS FOR
SHEEP. NO FOOD
FOR US. MY
STOMACH SHRINKS.

CROPS BAD, HUNTING
BAD. EVERYTHING
BAD. WOE HAS
STRUCK THE KITAPOOS!

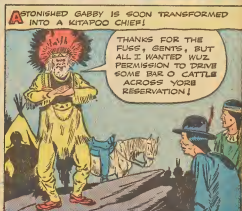


WHERE IS THE
STRANGE CHIEF OF
OUR ANCIENT
KITAPOO LEGEND?
HE WHO WILL LEAD
US TO RICHES?
PERHAPS HE COMES
SOON!

BAH! I,
CIRCLE LEGS,
GAY, BAH!









LIKE IN LEGEND,
YOU MUST STAY TILL
YOU MAKE THE
KITAPOOS RICH!

MAKE US RICH,
YOU CAN GO!
BUT GO NOW,
WE KILL!



GOLLY! THEY GOT
ME TRAPPED FOR
SURE! HOW CAN I
EVER ESCAPE?

ALL RIGHT, DADBLAME
IT! I'LL STAY!
BUT DON'T EXPECT
TO GET RICH!



AS GABBY SULK, UNDER
CLOSE GUARD, TWO
SHARPESTERS NAMED
DENNY AND BENNY APPROACH...

BENNY AND
WE WANT TO
SEE THE BIG
CHIEF.

THERE IS CHIEF
HAIR-ON-FACE.
BIGGEST OF
ALL CHIEFS!



HOW, CHIEF!
WE HAVE-UM
GIFTS. PRETTY
GIFTS FOR-UM!

GOLDARN IT!
MORE
FOOLISHMENT!



ME
DENNY.
SEE-UM
PRETTY
BEADS?
YOU
WANT?

BEADS?
WHAT IN
TARNATION
DO I WANT
WITH THE
BLAMED
THINGS?



TALK ENGLISH,
YUH DRATTED
FOOLS! WHAT
YUH AFTER?

U-P!

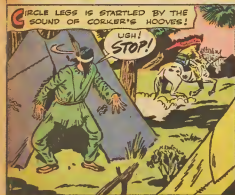
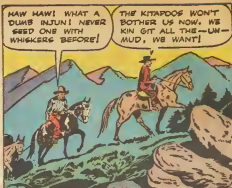
SWAT!

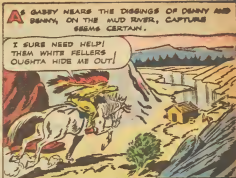


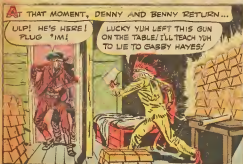
NOW --- CHIEF,
DON'T GIT ANGRY.
WE JUST WANT
PERMISSION TO
DIG IN THE MUD
RIVER WHERE IT
FLOWS THROUGH
YORE LAND.

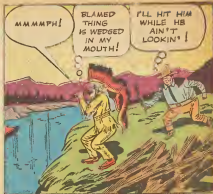
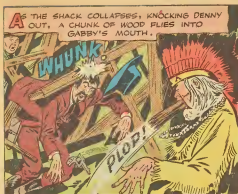
YES -- UH --- WE'RE
LOOKIN' FER
INTERESTIN' TYPES
O' CLAY AND SOIL.

HUH!











QUIZ

1- A HAWKSHAW IS A BIRD.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



6- PETER-PETER PUMPKIN EATER KEPT HIS WIFE IN A PUMPKIN SHELL.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



2- A METRONOME MEASURES MUSICAL TIME.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



7- AT ONE POINT, THE ATLANTIC IS WEST OF THE PACIFIC.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



3- SAN FRANCISCO IS KNOWN AS THE WINDY CITY.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



8- PHILATELY IS THE COLLECTION OF STAMPS.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



9- IT WAS SOLOMON WHO SAID THERE WAS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



4- A TARTAN IS A SCOTCH PLAID.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



10- SALMON SWIM UPSTREAM.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



5- THE PORT SIDE OF THE BOAT IS THE RIGHT SIDE.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



ANSWERS

- 1- FALSE - IT'S A DETECTIVE 6- TRUE
2- TRUE 7- TRUE - AT PANAMA
3- FALSE - IT'S CHICAGO 8- TRUE
4- TRUE 9- TRUE
5- FALSE - IT'S THE LEFT SIDE 10- TRUE

TOM MIX

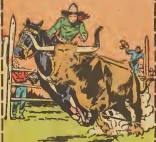
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month in
GABBY HAYES
WESTERN

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and
IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE

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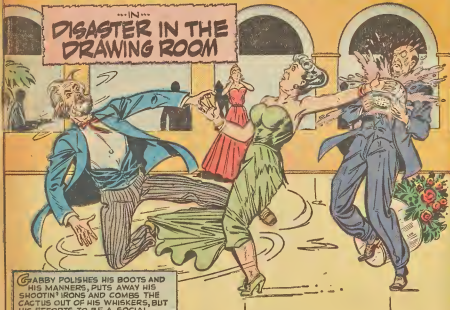
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TOM MIX



GABBY HAYES

...IN... DISASTER IN THE DRAWING ROOM



GABBY POLISHES HIS BOOTS AND HIS MANNERS, PUTS AWAY HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS AND COMBS THE CACTUS OUT OF HIS WHISKERS, BUT HIS EFFORTS TO BE A SOCIAL SUCCESS ALL ADD UP TO 'DISASTER IN THE DRAWING ROOM!'

"MRS. CLYDE STIFFNECK CORDIALLY INVITES HESTER HEMPSTEAD AND ESCORT TO A TEA DANCE AT HER HOME SATURDAY AFTERNOON. SIGNED, MRS. CLYDE STIFFNECK, PRESIDENT OF THE PRAIRIE HENS SOCIAL CLUB."

GABBY! THIS INVITATION FROM MRS. STIFFNECK MEANS I'M BEING CONSIDERED AS A MEMBER OF THE PRAIRIE HENS-- THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN THE WEST! I'VE BEEN DYIN' TO JOIN!

DON'T BOTHER ME, HESTER! I'M BUSY!



OH DEAR! MRS. STIFFNECK IS THE WIFE OF THE RAILROAD PRESIDENT-- JUST MOVED HERE! SHE'S REAL HIGH SOCIETY!

HUH! COULDN'T DRAG ME NEAR THEIR PLACE WITH A HERD O' BUFFALO!

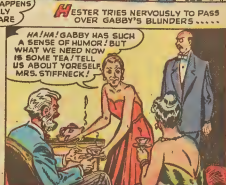
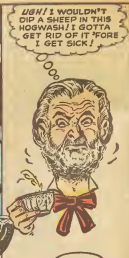


GABBY HAYES WESTERN

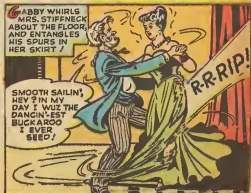
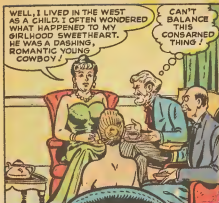


AND SO, THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY, GABBY IS READY TO DO OR DIE FOR THE SAKE OF HESTER'S DELICIOUS VITTLES....





HESTER TRIES NERVOUSLY TO PASS OVER GABBY'S BLUNDERS.....





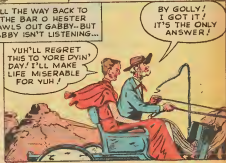


AT HESTER'S WORDS, MRS. STIFFNECK SUDDENLY TURNS PALE.



ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE BAR O HESTER BAWLS OUT GABBY--BUT GABBY ISN'T LISTENING...

YUH'LL REGRET THIS TO YORE DYIN' DAY! I'LL MAKE LIFE MISERABLE FOR YUH!



BACK AT THE RANCH, GABBY SEARCHES FEVER-ISHLY THROUGH AN OLD TRUNK



GABBY RACES BACK TO THE STIFFNECKS'.....

WHAT!
BACK AGAIN?
HOW DARE
YOU, SIR?

GOT A
LITTLE
PRESENT
FER YORE
WIFE-- SOMETHIN'
THAT BELONGS
TO HER! 'N'I GOTTA
SEE HER ALONE!



SOON....

"DEAR GEORGE,
OH, DARLING, HOW
I DREAM OF YOU..."
HMPH! YOU DIDN'T
HAVE A BEARD
WHEN I WROTE
THAT!

HEE, HEE!
LOOKS
LIKE YUH
FOUND
YORE
LOST LOVE,
ANNIE!
I KNEW
YUH LOOKED
FAMILIAR!



IF THIS STORY
GETS OUT I'LL BE
A LAUGHING STOCK!
I'LL DO ANYTHING
IF YOU KEEP IT
SECRET!

DON'T
WORRY,
ANNIE!
I'M JUST
AS
ASHAMED
OF IT AS YUH
ARE! JUST DO
ME ONE LITTLE
FAVOR 'N' I'LL
BE A CLAM!



LATER, BACK AT THE RANCH...

MMMM! SMELLS
MIGHTY PURTY!
RECKON I'M DUE
FER A TREMENDJOUS
FEED!

NOT AROUND
HERE! I'LL NEVER
CHANGE MY
MIND, GABBY
HAYES!



RECKON
I GOT A
TICKET OF
ADMISSION!
LOOK!

WHAT FOOL
NONSENSE
IS THIS?



SOON...

I DECLARE!
I'M THE
HAPPIEST WOMAN
IN THE COUNTY!
YUH WORKED A
MIRACLE,
GABBY!

HEE! HEE!
WOMEN JUST CAN'T
RESIST ME! BUT I
PREFER FOOD!
KEEP IT COMIN'!

"YOU ARE HEREBY CORDIALLY
INVITED TO JOIN THE PRAIRIE
HENS SOCIAL CLUB.
MRS. CLYDE STIFFNECK!"
I--I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!



"PRAIRIE GRAVE!"

4 "Buck Desmond" Story

by Dick Kraus

If Buck Desmond's horse hadn't gone lame, it might never have happened. Buck might have ridden right through the little town of Shawnee and an innocent man might have hung for the murder of Tom Wilks. But Buck's horse did go lame, and he did ride into Shawnee! And that's where this story begins.

LEAVING his horse in the blacksmith's shop, Buck Desmond slowly rolled a cigarette, looking down the main street of Shawnee. It would be an hour before his horse was re-shod. What could he do in an hour?

"Grab myself some vittles, I reckon." The wandering cowboy drew deeply at the cigarette, then flung it to the ground. There was a hotel down the street that looked as if it might serve a decent meal. Striding with long legs in faded blue jeans, Buck started down the street toward the hotel. He never reached it.

"That's the man, sheriff! He's the one. I tell ya! Arrest him!" A sharp, high-pitched voice cut across the stillness of the street.

From the corner of his eye, Buck caught a glimpse of a man coming at him, of sunlight glinting against a gun barrel. He whirled fast, hand clutching at his own holster. But it was too late! Before his Colt had cleared leather, he felt a smashing blow against his head. Dizziness seeped through him, and his legs gave way.

As he crumpled to the ground, the cowboy heard a voice dimly. "You say this is the man, Flint? Reckon we'd better lock him up till he comes to!"

That was the way it happened. Buck Desmond was walking down the street of Shawnee at one moment. The next thing he knew, he was rubbing a grimy hand against the side of his head. It was swollen. He felt as if he'd been hit by a mule's hoof. Slowly he shook his head from side to side, clearing up his vision.

Then he sat up on his cot.

Bars! He was in jail. And there, standing on the other side of the prison door, was the sheriff. White-haired and poker-faced. Buck stood up on trembling legs and

walked slowly toward the lawman—right up to the bars.

"Listen, Sheriff!" He put a hand against the steel to steady himself. "What's the idea? How come you slugged me . . . and put me in here?"

The sheriff nodded his head. "I didn't hit you, stranger. It was Flint Bailey. An' yo're in hyar on his say-so. His an' Ray Carr's, his hired man."

"But what for?"

The sheriff's lips tightened. "Ya don't know? I'll tell ya. This afternoon, Flint, Carr, an' Tom Wilks, Flint's partner, were ridin' out of town. Carryin' a stack of greenbacks they got for sellin' a herd o' cattle. A single rider jumped them, at the outskirts o' town. Took the money, an' forced Wilks to ride off with him, as a hostage."

"What's that got to do with me?" Buck asked.

"When they saw you ridin' into Shawnee, Flint an' Carr both recognized you! Said yo're the man. As you went for yore gun, Flint hit you with his!" The sheriff paused for a moment. "That's the story. Yo're comin' up 'gainst the judge t'morrow for a hearin'. I'd advise ya to come clean!"

"Come clean?" Buck Desmond's hands tightened against the cold bars. "But I don't know a blamed thing about it," he husked. "I'm a stranger here and I was just riding—"

But the sheriff had already turned away.

IT was a frame-up all right. What the reason for it was, Buck didn't know. But he was determined to find out! And the only way to do that, he decided, was to get out of jail. Not an easy thing to do, you'd say. And you'd be right, except that Buck was an unusual cowboy. He'd been a lot of things besides nursemaid to bawling mavericks. He'd been a horse-wrangler, a blacksmith, a printer, and once he'd even worked for a locksmith. He knew a lot about locks.

Now, as he bent before the lock of his cell door, Buck grunted. "This hunk of twisted wire ought to . . ." The lock grated.

"There!" The door swung open, and he slipped silently into the corridor.

Buck slipped down the dark hallway, and out the back door of the jail house. Luckily, it wasn't barred.

UNDECIDED for a moment, Buck swiftly turned down the unlighted street toward the hotel. If Flint and Carr were staying in town for the night, that was where they'd be. Luck was with him, again, for, as the rambling cowboy flattened himself against the frame wall of the hotel, he glimpsed two men inside, standing by the bar.

They were alone, and talking. He recognized Flint's voice.

Buck strained his ears to catch the words. He was not close enough. Noiselessly, he slipped down the wall to the window closest to them. Now he could make out snatches of the conversation.

... you did what I said?" Flint asked.

Carr's voice was lower, harder to make out. But Buck managed to understand him. "I left the money in the ranchhouse, like you told me. An' then I took Wilks... an' rode out with him... Went to Mesa Wells... little water hole out thar. Little, but deep, I reckon. Never saw it before."

"What'd you do?"

"Shoved some rocks in his clothes," Carr answered. "Weighted him down. I couldn't see, but he musta gone to the bottom like a shot!"

So that was it! Buck Desmond straightened, face hidden in the shadows. Flint and Carr had deliberately shot Tom Wilks, taken the money that was half his and then disposed of his body in a water hole. Then they'd picked on the first stranger coming into town, figuring to place the guilt on him.

Buck's fingers opened and closed. Their testimony since they were known in the town, would out-weigh his. The best thing for him to do was to grab his horse and skip town. But then he would be a fugitive. His flight would mean his guilt!

"There has to be another way!" he muttered. And then it came to him. "The sheriff! Maybe he'll play along with me. I'll mosey over to his office."

Fifteen minutes later, Flint Bailey and Carr, standing in the bar of the Shawnee hotel, heard a voice behind them.

"There's your men, Sheriff!"

Flint swerved. Standing in front of him was the sheriff with the man who'd been arrested during the afternoon—Buck Desmond. "What's goin' on hyar?" the rancher demanded. "What's he doin' out of jail?"

"I'll answer that," Buck broke in. "I got out—never mind how. And I took a little trip—backtrailing your buddy, Carr. I followed his track to a spot out on the desert—a spot called Mesa Wells."

"Yes?" Flint's eyes were slitted.

"I found something floating on the water," Buck said. "Evidently he hadn't realized that the water around there is thick with salt. So thick that a body, even loaded with stones, won't sink in it. So thick with salt that the body'll float, till someone comes along and finds it, the way I did. Finds it, shot through the back, with bullets that we can prove come from your gun, Flint!"

"Blast you, Carr!" Flint shouted. "I warned you to be careful!"

His hand flicked, snake-like, toward his holster.

"We got tuh gun our way out of this—"

The hand came out, finger tightening on the trigger. But before the killer's pistol could roar, another Colt filled the bar with the pounding of a gunshot.

It was Buck Desmond's long-barreled revolver that had boomed. Flint Bailey's gun hand stung as the revolver was blasted from it by the shot. He sagged back against the bar. Buck's gun swerved toward the other man.

"Drop it, Carr."

Unwillingly, Carr dropped his gun to the floor and stood there, face working, hands high.

"There's your two men, Sheriff," Buck said without turning. "You'll find the money they took from Wilks, hidden somewhere in their ranchhouse. And the body... you'll probably find that by dragging Mesa Wells."

"Draggin the Wells!" the sheriff exclaimed. "I thought that you located it a'ready... that the salt water kept it from sinkin'!"

BUCK DESMOND shook his head, and for the first time in ten hours, a smile crossed his lips.

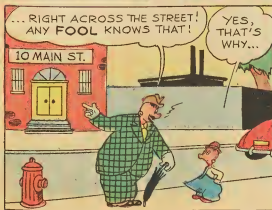
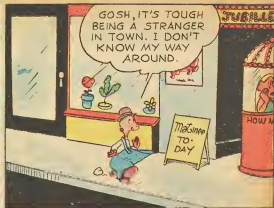
"No," he said. "That was just to get them to show their hand. I wouldn't know where Mesa Wells is and, truth to tell, I doubt if there's that much salt in any water south of the Great Salt Lake! Good thing Flint didn't know it, though!"

THE END

BUCK DESMOND rides to new excitement in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN!

RUBBERNOSE RANDOLPH

in
"FOOL'S
PARADISE"




GABBY HAYES



WATER! WATER!
I'M DYIN' FER
A DROP... 'N
THERE'S A
BE-OUTFUL
FOUNTAIN!

HA! HA! THE
FOOL'S GOING
TO THROW
HIMSELF IN
THE CACTUS!

"The Black Raven Bandit"



THE SCORCHING DESERT THAT
PROTECTS A STRANGE NEW
OUTLAW THREATENS TO CLAIM
GABBY AS ITS VICTIM, WHEN HE
PURSUES THE FLYING BLACK
RAVEN BANDIT!

THE RAVEN HAS JUST
ROBBED ANOTHER RANCH...




HERE THEY
COME! THEY'LL
NEVER CATCH
ME!

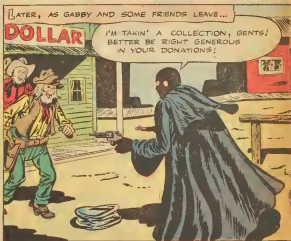
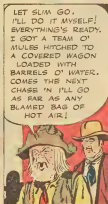
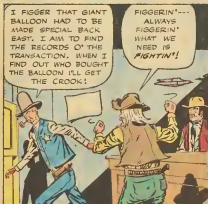
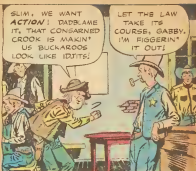
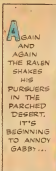
LIKE ALWAYS,
HE'S HEADIN'
OVER THE
PARCHED
DESERT...
A THOUSAND
SQUARE MILES
O' SAND WITHOUT
A DROP O' WATER!

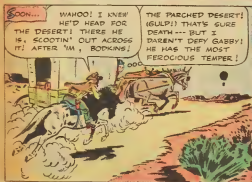
HE'S LOADED
WITH WATER
AND HE REALLY
BREEZES ALONG
IN THAT
CONTRAPTION!

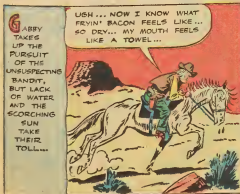
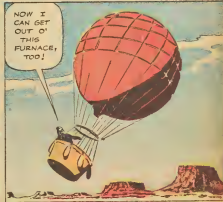
THE ANGRY COWBOYS
PURSUE FOR HOURS
ACROSS THE FURNACE-
LIKE DESERT...

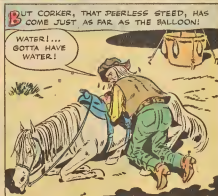
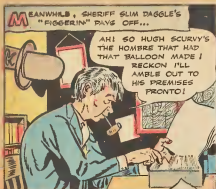


OKAY, OLE HOSS, RECKON
WE'LL GIVE UP THE
CHASE AFORE YOU KEEL
OVER. THAT TURNED
RAVEN BANDIT,
WHOEVER HE IS, HAS
BEAT US AGIN!

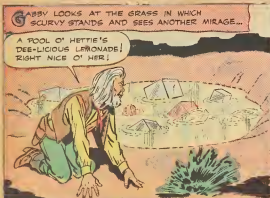












GABBY HAYES

When it comes to CUTTING UP ol' whisker-face Gabby is in a class by himself. And the chips fly fast and furious when Gabby starts carving his masterpiece for

"THE WHITTLIN' CONTEST"

CONK!



GABBY! GABBY,
WHAT HAPPENED?



OH! SO THERE
YOU ARE, GEORGE
HAYES!

ULP!





AND SO, AFTER HOURS OF WHITTLING ---

THERE! NOW I'LL MOGEY OVER TO THE BUNKHOUSE AND SHOW THE BOYS THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE IN THE CONTEST!



WHAT IN SAM HILL IS THAT MONSTROSITY, GABBY?



MONSTROSITY, EH?

ULL!



I'LL TEACH YUH TO APPRESHYATE REAL WHITTLIN'!

HEY!

CUT IT OUT!

AWG!



NOW LOOK WHAT THOSE HEADS OF YOURN DID TO MY WHITTLER WORK!

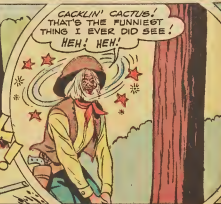
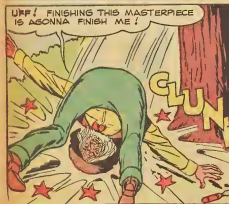
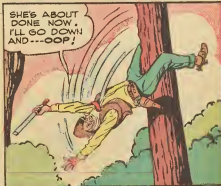


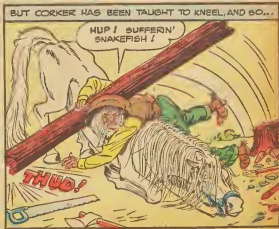
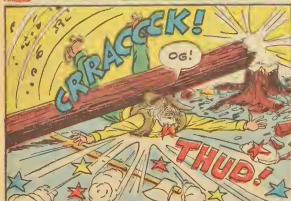
BUT I'M NOT GVIN' UP! I'LL WIN THAT SILVER SADDLE YET!



I'LL JUST PULL OUT SOME WHITTLIN' TOOLS AND PICK ME OUT A NICE TREE!







FINALLY, A WORN GABBY RIDES INTO TOWN....



WHEW! NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET HERE!

YO'RE NOT THINKIN' O' ENTERING A LOG ARE YOU, GABBY?

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!



OUTTA MY WAY! YUH HOBBLIN' HORNDADS! I WANT TUH GIT A FEEL OF THE SILVER SADDLE I'M GONNA WIN!



HO!
HO!

HA!
HA!
HA!

HE'S GONNA WIN! DIDJA HEAR THAT, BOYS?



THE JUDGIN' OF THE WHITTLIN' CONTEST IS NOW STARTING!



THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT! I'LL JUST GO RIGHT UP TO THE JUDGE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS SHEBANG!



HMM! VERY FINE WORK. HMM!

ALL THAT SERIOUS STUFF. WHEN MINE GIVES HIM A GOOD LAUGH, I'M A SURE WINNER!



I ENJOY SERIOUS WHITTLLING. I JUST CAN'T STAND THOSE COMIC WHITTLLERS WHO DEBASE SUCH A TRULY FINE ART.



FIRIN' COYOTES! I'M A LOST DOG! MAY AS WELL CLEAR OUTTA HERE!



IT'S SO FINE, YUH PRAIRIE HOGS COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



IT'S A WHITTLLIN' OF AN OLD DESERT RAT, THE FUNNIEST HOOMAN BEIN' EYES EVER DID LIGHT ON! BUT I'M STEPPIN' OUT SO'S YOU ALL COULD HAVE A CHANCE!



LET'S SHOW IT TO THE JUDGE, JUST FOR THE LAUGHS!

GOOD IDEA!



AND THE JUDGE GETS TO SEE GABBY'S MASTERPIECE...

SOON....

BY JOVE! OUTSTANDING! THE WINNER OF THE CONTEST!

THE BEST SELF-PORTRAIT DONE BY WHITTLLING THAT I EVER SAW!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE HAPPY ABOUT WINNING THIS HYAR SILVER SADDLE OR TO BE ANGRY ABOUT HIM CALLING IT A SELF-PORTRAIT!



MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST

in
DAWSON'S REVENGE!

REACH! WE'RE
A-TAKIN' THE
GOLD!

ILL GET THIS
GOLD IN THE
SAFE! YOU GRAB
THAT GOLD DUST
ON THE SCALE!

BANG!

RAISED FROM CHILDHOOD
BY A TRIBE OF FRIENDLY
INDIANS, MARK, BUCK AND
LARIAT GROW TO MANHOOD AND
SET OUT ON THEIR OWN AS THE
MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST!
IN THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE THEY
HAD BROKE DAWSON AND HIS FALS
CLAPPED IN JAIL. DAWSON SWORE
REVENGE! AND SO ONE NIGHT, AT THE
OFFICE OF THE TOWN GOLD ASSAYER---



JUST STAY BACK AND YUH
WON'T GET HURT! THE THREE
MUSKETEERS
DONT FOOL
WITH NOBODY!!



SO-LONG, PARTNER! YUH CAN
TELL FOLKS THE THREE BEST
BANDITS IN THE WEST ROBBED
YUH--THE THREE MUSKETEERS!



AND SO THE NEXT DAY, WHEN MARK, BUCK AND
LARIAT RIDE INTO TOWN THEY PAUSE TO
OVERHEAR--

YEP-- THEM MUSKETEE
FELLERS ROBBED THE
ASSAYER'S OFFICE LAST NIGHT.

THE COYOTES!
AND THEY HAD
FOLKS
THINKIN'
THEY WUZ
LAW-
ABIDIN'!

GREAT GUNS, MARK! ONLY ONE SOME VARMINTS ROBBED THE GOLD ASSAYER AND PINNED IT ON US.

THAT'S BRONC CAWSON AND HIS PALS!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARK! THEY MUST'VE BROKE JAIL, ROBBED THE ASSAYER AND SAID THEY WERE US!

WE'LL HAVE TO PROVE THAT, LARIAT! LET'S HEAD DOWN TO THE JAIL! DOWN THIS WAY-- NO SENSE IN RIDING DOWN MAIN STREET TILL WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

BUT AS THEY RACE TOWARD THE JAIL THROUGH THE BACK STREETS--

HANK--! AIN'T THAT THEM THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST? QUICK-- SIT THE SHERIFF! THEY'RE HEADIN' FER THE JAIL!

THEY GOT NERVE COMIN' BACK TUH TOWN SO SOON AFTER THAT ROBBERY!

BUT MINUTES LATER, AT THE JAIL, THE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST GET A SURPRISE---

LOOK! THERE'S CAWSON-- STILL IN JAIL! HE AND HIS PALS HAVEN'T BROKEN OUT AT ALL!

TARNATION! YOU'RE RIGHT, MARK! THEN-- THEN WHO PINNED THAT ROBBERY ON US? WE'D BETTER DO SOME FAST FINDING OUT!

BUT SUDDENLY--

HOLD ON, YUH MAVERICKS! YORE ROBBIN' AND KILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER!

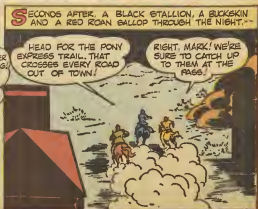
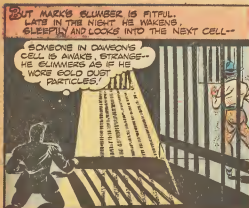
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MEN, SHERIFF-- BUT WE WON'T FIGHT THE LAW!

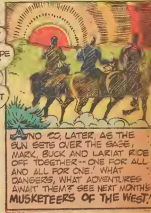
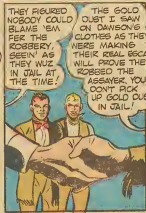
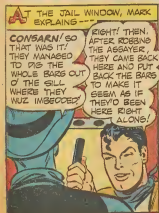
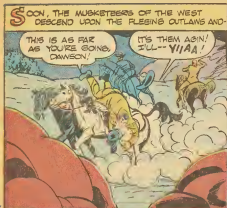
AND SO, SOON AFTER, THE MUSKETEERS FIND THEMSELVES IN JAIL---

SO THE BIG LAW AND ORDER MEN ARE IN JAIL, EH? HAW-HAW-HAW--! THAT'S REAL FUNNY--HAW-HAW-HAW!

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHO ROBBED THE ASSAYER AND PINNED IT ON US! OUR ONLY ENEMIES HERE ARE IN THE NEXT CELL!

NO SENSE WHACKIN' YOUR BRAINS ON IT, MARK. BETTER GET SOME SLEEP. THE JAILER JUST DOUBLED THE LIGHTS!





GABBY HAYES

IN THE COUNTERFEIT STRONGMAN

RUN!
THIS GALOOT'S
NAME MUST BE
HERCULES /
OR SAMSON!

DON'T MENTION
SUCH WEAKLIN'S!
THE HANDLE IS
GABBY HAYES, AND
I CRAVES SOME
MUSCLE-BUSTIN'
ACTION!

CRASH!

WHEN BAR O CATTLE GO THIRSTY
INSTEAD OF DRINKING FROM
CRYSTAL STREAM, FOREMAN
GABBY HAYES INVESTIGATES
WITH FRED LARSON...

UGH! TASTES
AWFUL! 'N IT USETA
BE THE SWEETEST
WATER IN THE
COUNTY!

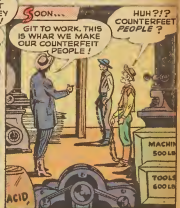
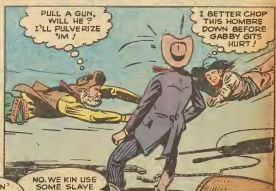
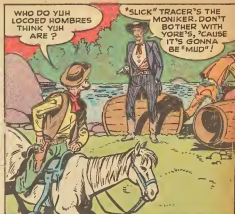
WE'LL TRAIPE
UPSTREAM TO
SEE WHAT'S
SPOILIN' IT,
FRED.

FAR UPSTREAM, IN THE HILLS, THEY MAKE A
DISCOVERY....

NEW BUILDINGS!
WHEN DID THEY
GO UP?

LOOK! SOME
VARMINTS IS
DUMPIN' STUFF
INTO THE
STREAM!





YES, I'M AN
EXPERT FORGER,
BUT FOLKS ARE TOO
BLASTED SUSPICIOUS
OF QUEER MONEY.
IT'S A LOT EASIER
TO PASS OFF PHONY
PEOPLE!



WE MAKE SHERIFF BADGES,
IDENTIFICATION PAPERS,
CREDENTIALS OF ALL KINDS.
OUR CROOKS KIN PASS
THEMSELVES OFF AS BIG
SHOTS! BUT YORE JOB,
HAIRY-PUSS, IS TO MOVE
THE ETCHING ACID
AROUND!



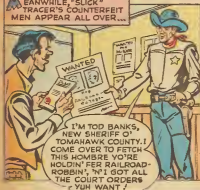
I'LL BE
GOLDARNED!

SO, GABBY GETS TO WORK, AND FOR
THE FIRST OF MANY TIMES CARE-
LESSLY SLOPS ACID ON HIS CHAINS...

ITCHIN' ACID!
THIS PLACE IS PLUMB
RIDIKERLOUS! THEY
AIN'T GONNA KEEP
ME HERE LONG!



MEANWHILE, "SUCK"
TRACER'S COUNTERFEIT
MEN APPEAR ALL OVER...



I'M TOD BANKS,
NEW SHERIFF O'
TOMAHAWK COUNTY. I
COME OVER TO FETCH
THIS HOMBRE YO'RE
HOLDIN' FER RAILROAD-
ROBBIN'. 'N1 GOT ALL
THE COURT ORDERS
YUH WANT!

PEARS TO BE IN ORDER, SHERIFF
BANKS! TAKE THIS NO-GOOD
VARMINT. YUH KIN STRING 'IM UP,
MOST I KIN DO IS KEEP
HIM IN JAIL FER
TWENTY YEARS!



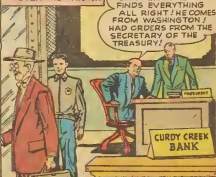
AS SOON AS "SHERIFF" BANKS AND HIS
PRISONER ARE OUT OF TOWN.....

SNORTY! YUH OLE
HOSS THIEF! THAT
MUSTA BEEN THE
EASIEST JAILBREAK
IN HISTORY!



YIPPEE! SLICK TRACER'S
FORGED PAPERS WORK
MIRACLES! THIS IS
WORTH THE TEN
THOUSAND SIMOLEONS
HE CHARGES!

AND IN BANKS ALL
OVER THE WEST...



WHEW! HOPE THAT
BANK EXAMINER
FINDS EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT! HE COMES
FROM WASHINGTON!
HAD ORDERS FROM THE
SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY!

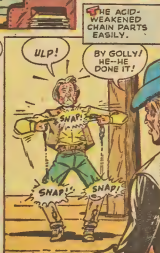
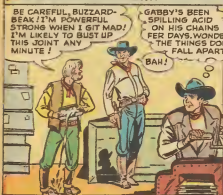
A LONE IN THE SAFE, THE "EXAMINER" MAKES A QUEER EXAMINATION!

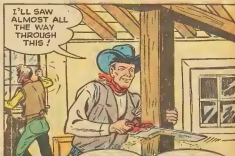
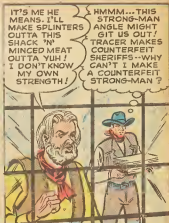


LATER...



AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF SLAVE LABOR, GABBY IS BURSTING WITH RAGE....







TRY IT.

SHUCKS! I KIN LIFT IT TWENTY TIMES MORE 'N ANYBODY WITHIN FIFTY MILES!



(GRUNT!) IT'S A BACK-BREAKER! CAN'T GIT IT HIGHER NOWHOW!

YORE TURN, GABBY!



YOU CAN DO IT, GABBY!

ESPECIALLY SINCE I EMPTIED THIS CASE JUST FOR YOU!

I DUNNO, FRED! IT AIN'T GOOD MANNERS TO SHOW OFF SO MUCH!



GABBY RELUCTANTLY TUGS AT THE EMPTY CASE...



LOOKIT! BIG JIM NEAR BROKE HIS BACK. THIS HOMBRE LIFTS IT LIKE A FEATHER!

(GULP!) I-- I DONE IT!



HEE! HEE! I'M EVEN STRONGER THAN I KNEW!

THAT'S RIGHT, GABBY! SHOW THESE BUCKAROOS HOW YUK KIN PUNCH! JUST TAP THIS BEAM!



A LIGHT BLOW COLLAPSES THE BEAM FRED HAD SAWED....



IT AIN'T POSSIBLE! IF HE PUNCHED A MAN HE'D KNOCK HIS HEAD INTO THE NEXT COUNTY!

WAHOOO!! I'M A-FEELIN' GREAT!

STEP UP, YUH SNIVELIN' COYOTES/COME THREE AT A TIME/RECKON ONE O' MY PUNCHES KIN KNOCK OUT THREE O' YUH AT ONCE!



NOT ME. I AIN'T LOOKIN' FER A BUSTED JAW!

ME NEITHER!

WE AIN'T SKERED/ GIT THAT PUNCH READY, STRONG MAN!

WE'RE A-COMIN' AT YUH!

OH-OH! POOR GABBY IS ON HIS OWN NOW! THEY'LL KILL HIM!



I'LL FIGHT, BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES. THIS CHLOROFORM KIN KNOCK OUT ANY STRONG MAN!



I'LL HOLD IT HIGH AND LET A FEW DROPS FALL ON HIM!



HOLD ON TO YORE HEADS, GENTS! I AIN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS!



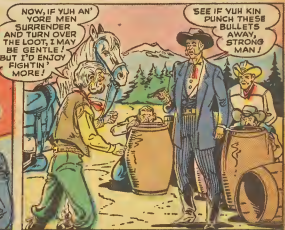
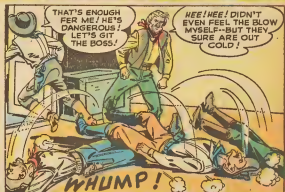
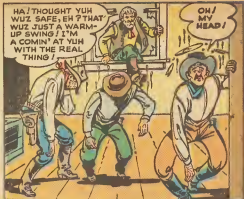
GABBY'S WILD SWING MISSES THE OUTLAWS, BUT KNOCKS THE CHLOROFORM AGAINST THE CEILING.



DADBURN IT! LOST MY BALANCE!



COMES O' HAVIN' TOO MUCH POWER!



DOWN, CORKER.
DON'T WANT
NO BULLETS
CREASIN'
YORE HIDE!

SLAP!

CORKER HAS BEEN TRAINED
TO FALL DOWN AT A SLAP,
BUT SLICK TRACER DOESN'T
KNOW THAT!

AWK! KNOCKED
A FULL-GROWN
HOSS OVER WITH
ONE SLAP!

HE AIN'T HUMAN!
WHAT GOOD ARE BULLETS
AGAINST A HOMBRE
LIKE THAT?

M-MERCY!
D-DON'T
HURT ME!

I'LL TAKE THAT
SHOOTIN' IRON--AND
YORE GANG, TOO!
SLIM DAGGLE IS GONNA
HAVE 'STANDIN' ROOM
ONLY IN HIS
HOOSEGOW!

WE
SURRENDER!
NO USE
FIGHTIN' A
RIPSNORTER
LIKE YUH!

LATER, BACK AT
THE BAR O---

YESSIR, ME'N FRED
ROUNDED UP 'EM
OUTLAWS, RETURNED
THEIR LOOT--N' ALL
BECAUSE I'M THE
STRONGEST,
POWERFUL-
LEST
BUCKAROO
WHAT EVER
WALKED!

HURRY,
GABBY!
MOVE THE
TABLE!

(GRUNT!)
FLNNY!
GOLDARNED
THING
WON'T
BUDGE!

LET US TRY,
YUH GREAT
BIG STRONG
MAN!

NOTHING
TO IT!

I'LL BE SWIZZLED! IT'S
MIGHTY PECOOLAR!
MEBBE I'M ONLY
POWERFUL WHEN I
GOTTA DO A
MAN'S WORK!

OLD SLICK

IN DEEP WATER

OH, OH, HYAR COMES THET SHOWBOAT, BLABBERMOUTH! WAL, BEFORE HE GITS A CHANCE TO TELL ME ONE OF HIS TALL TALES, I'LL BEAT HIM TO IT!



H'YA BLABBERMOUTH, YO'RE LOOKIN' AT A HERO! I SAVED A COWPOKE FROM DROWNING YESTERDAY!

YUH DID?



THET'S RIGHT, THET PORE COWPOKE FELL OFF A CLIFF AND LANDED IN WATER UP TO HIS KNEES. LUCKY FER HIM I PULLED HIM OUT, OR HE WOULD HAVE DROWNED!



WAIT A MINUTE, OLD SLICK! HOW COULD THET COWPOKE HAVE DROWNED IF THE WATER WUZ ONLY UP TO HIS KNEES?



THET'S EASY, YUH DOPE...

...WE FELL IN HEAD FIRST!



BOXCAR BENNY

"SECRET OF SUCCESS"

FLAT BROKE AGAIN! AN I HAVENT EATEN ALL DAY.



JOE'S LUNCH

MAYBE I CAN GET A HANDOUT IN HERE!



HOW'S ABOUT HELPING A BO OUT WITH A MEAL?

NO! IF YOU WANT TO EAT, GO TO WORK!

YES, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WORK IS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS?



YEAH? WELL, AS FAR AS IN CONCERNED, IT CAN STAY A SECRET!



'COURSE I'M MAD!
SOME LOWDOWN, SNEAKIN'
COYOTE STOLE MY
BUBBLE GUM!



Illustration: 1980s • Fictional Group: Teen Titans

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1980s
of superheroes



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